

THE
DEVIL *to* PAY;

OR, THE
WIVES *Metamorphos'd.*

AN
OPERA.

As it is Perform'd at the
THEATRES.

*In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora*——— Ovid.

THE FOURTH EDITION.



L O N D O N,

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Harding D635



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PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. THEO. CIBBER.

IN ancient Greece the Comic Muse appear'd,
Sworn Foe to Vice, by Virtue's Friends rever'd;
Impartial she indulg'd her noble Rage,
And Satire was the Business of the Stage;
No reigning Ill was from her Censure free,
No Sex, no Age of Man, and no Degree;
Whoe'er by Passion was, or Folly, led,
The laurel'd Chief, or sacerdotal Head,
The pedant Sophist, or imperious Dame,
She lash'd the Evil, nor conceal'd the Name.

How hard the Fate of Wives in those sad Times,
When saucy Poets wou'd chastise their Crimes!
When each cornuting Mate, each rampant Filt,
Had her Name branded on the Stage with Guilt!
Each Fair may now the Comic Muse endure,
And join the Laugh, tho' at herself, secure.

Link'd to a patient Lord, this Night behold
A wilful, headstrong, Termagant and Scold;
Who, tho' her Husband did what Man cou'd do,
The Devil only cou'd reclaim like you;
Like you, whose Virtues bright embellish Life,
And add a Blessing to the Name of Wife.

A merry Wag, to mend vexatious Brides,
These Scenes began, which shak'd your Fathers Sides;
And we, obsequious to your Taste, prolong
Your Mirth, by courting the Supplies of Song;
If you approve, we our Desires obtain,
And by your Pleasure shall compute our Gain.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir John Loverule, <i>An honest Country-Gentleman, beloved for his Hospitality.</i>	}	Mr. Stopelear.
Butler,	}	Servants to Sir John,
Cook,		
Footman,		
Coachman,		
Jobson, <i>A Psalm-singing Cocker, Tenant to Sir John,</i>	}	Mr. Harper.
Doctor,		Mr. Oates.

W O M E N.

Lady Loverule, <i>Wife to Sir John, a proud, canting, brawling, fanatical Shrew,</i>	}	Mrs. Grace.
Lucy,	}	Her Maids.
Lettice,		
Nell Jobson's <i>Wife, an innocent Country Girl,</i>	}	Miss Rastor.

Gentlemen, Tenants, Servants, Dancers, &c.

S C E N E, A Country Village.



THE
DEVIL *to* PAY;
OR, THE
WIVES METAMORPHOS'D.

SCENE I. *The Cobler's House.*

Jobson and Nell.

NELL.



R'YTHEE, good *Jobson*, stay with me to-night, and for once make merry at home.

Job. Peace, Peace, you Jade, and go spin; for if I lack any Thread for my stitching, I will punish you by virtue of my Sovereign Authority.

Nell. Ay marry, no doubt of that; whilst you take your swing at the Alehouse, spend your Substance, get drunk as a Beast, then come home like a Sot; and use one like a Dog.

Job. Nounz! do you prate? Why, how now, Brazen-face, do you speak ill of the Government? Don't you know, Hussy, that I am King in my own House, and that this is Treason against my Majesty.

Nell. Did ever one hear such Stuff? But I pray you now, *Jobson*, don't go to the Alehouse to night.

B

Job.

The Devil to Pay; Or,

Job. Well, I'll humour you for once, but don't grow saucy upon't; for I am invited by Sir *John Loverule's* Butler, and am to be princely drunk with Punch at the Hall-Place; we shall have a Bowl large enough to swim in.

Nell. But they say, Husband, the new Lady will not suffer a Stranger to enter her Doors; she grudges even a Draught of small Beer to her own Servants; and several of the Tenants have come home with broken Heads from her Ladyship's own Hands, only for smelling strong Beer in her House.

Job. A Pox on her, for a fanatical Jade, she has almost distracted the good Knight: But she's now abroad, feasting with her Relations, and will scarce come home to-night; and we are to have much Drink, a Fiddle, and merry Gambols.

Nell. O dear Husband! let me go with you, we'll be as merry as the Night's long.

Job. Why how now, you bold Baggage; wou'd you be carry'd to a Company of smooth-fac'd, eating, drinking, lazy Serving-men; no, no, you Jade, I'll not be a Cuckold.

Nell. I'm sure they wou'd make me welcome; you promis'd I shou'd see the House, and the Family has not been here before since you marry'd and brought me home.

Job. Why, thou most audacious Strumpet, dar'st thou dispute with me, thy Lord and Master? Get in and spin, or else my Strap shall wind about thy Ribs most confoundedly.

A I R I. *The Twitcher.*

*He that has the best Wife,
She's the Plague of his Life;
But for her that will scold and will quarrel,
Let him cut her off short
Of her Meat and her Sport,
And ten times a Day hoop her Barrel, brave Boys,
And ten times a Day hoop her Barrel.*

Nell. Well, we poor Women must always be Slaves, and never have any Joy; but you Men run and ramble at your Pleasure.

A I R II. *Fie, nay, pr'ythee John.*

*'Tis, I vow and swear,
Very cruel, my Dear,*

That

That I must not be allow'd to talk.

Job. *Hence, I say, get in
To thy Wheel, and spin,
Lest upon your Back my Strap shou'd walk.*

Nell. *Well, since I must, I will be gone;
Go, go, you are a naughty Man;
Be sure get drunk then, if you can,
Reel home to Nell.*

Job. *You surly Jade, by Yea and Nay,
If here you any longer stay,
Or dare dispute my sov'reign Sway,
I'll strap you well.*

*Why, you most pestilent Baggage, will you be hoop'd?
Be gone.*

Nell. I must obey.

[Going.

*Job. Stay! now I think on't, here's Six-pence for you, get
Ale and Apples, stretch and puff thy self up with Lamb's
Wool, rejoice and revel by thy self, be drunk and wallow
in thy own Sty, like a grumbling Sow as thou art.*

*He that has the best Wife,
She's the Plague of his Life, &c.*

[Exeunt.

S C E N E II. *Sir John's.*

Butler, Cook, Footman, Coachman, Lucy, Lettice, &c.

*But. I wou'd the blind Fidler and our dancing Neigh-
bours were here, that we might rejoice a little, while our
termagant Lady is abroad; I have made a most sovereign
Bowl of Punch.*

*Lucy. We had need rejoice sometimes, for our devilish
new Lady will never suffer it in her hearing.*

*But. I will maintain there is more Mirth in a Galley, than
in our Family: Our Master indeed is the worthiest Gen-
tleman ---- nothing but Sweetness and Liberality.*

*Foot. But here's a House turned topsy-turvy, from Hea-
ven to Hell, since she came hither.*

Lucy. His former Lady was all Virtue and Mildness.

*But. Ay, rest her Soul, she was so; but this is inspir'd with
a Legion of Devils, who make her lay about her like a Fury.*

A I R III. Under the Greenwood Tree.

*Of all the Plagues of Human Life,
 A Shrew is sure the worst;
 Scarce one in ten that takes a Wife,
 But with a Shrew is curst.
 Since then the Plague in Marriage lies,
 Who'd rush upon his Fate?
 When he for Freedom, Bondage buys,
 And still repents too late.*

Lucy. I am sure I always feel her in my Bones; if her Complexion don't please her, or she looks yellow in a Morning, I am sure to look black and blue for it before Night.

Cook. Pox on her! I dare not come within her Reach. I have some six broken Heads already. A Lady, quotha! a She-Bear is a civiler Animal.

Foot. Heaven help my poor Master! this devilish Termagant scolding Woman will be the Death of him; I never saw a Man so altered all the Days of my Life.

Cook. There's a perpetual Motion in that Tongue of hers, and a damn'd shrill Pipe, enough to break the Drum of a Man's Ear.

Enter blind Fidler, Jobson, and Neighbours.

But. Welcome, welcome all; this is to our Wish. Honest old Acquaintance, Goodman *Jobson*! how dost thou?

Job. By my Troth, I am always sharp set towards Punch, and am now come with a firm Resolution, tho' but a poor Cobbler, to be as richly drunk as a Lord; I am a true *English* Heart, and look upon Drunkenness as the best Part of the Liberty of the Subject.

Lucy. Why did not you bring your Wife with you?

Job. Because here are Wags, very Wags, young brisk Rogues, and a Man may be a Cuckold before the King's Health can go round.

But. Come, *Jobson*, we'll bring out our Bowl of Punch in solemn Procession; and then for a Song to crown our Happiness.

A I R IV. *Charles of Sweden.*

*Come, jolly Bacchus, God of Wine,
 Crown this Night with Pleasure;
 Let none at Cares of Life repine,
 To destroy our Pleasure:*

Fill

The Wives Metamorphos'd,

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Fill up the mighty sparkling Bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal Soul
May drink and sing without Controul,
To support our Pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be
Guardian to our Pleasure;
That under thy Protection we
May enjoy new Pleasure;
And as the Hours glide away,
We'll in thy Name invoke their Stay,
And sing thy Praises, that we may
Live and die with Pleasure.

But. Here's our Master's Health in a Bumper. Huzzah---

Lucy. Our Lady's Confusion in another. Huzzah----

But. The King and all the Royal Family, in a Brimmer--
Down upon your Knees, you Rogues!

Enter Sir John, and Lady.

Lady. O Heaven and Earth! What's here within my
Doors? Is Hell broke loose? What Troops of Fiends are
here? Sirrah, you impudent Rascal, speak!

Sir John. For shame, my dear---As it is a Time of
Mirth and Jollity, it has always been the Custom of my
House to give my Servants Liberty in this Season, and to
treat my Country Neighbours, that with innocent Sports
they may divert themselves.

Lady. I say meddle with your own Affairs, I will govern
my own House without your putting in an Ore. Shall I
ask leave to correct my own Servants?

Sir John. I thought, Madam, this had been my House;
and these my Tenants and Servants.

Lady. Did I bring a Fortune to be thus abus'd and snub'd
before People? Do you call my Authority in question, un-
grateful Man? Look you to your Dogs and Horses abroad,
but it shall be my Province to govern here; nor will I be
control'd by e'er a hunting, hawking Knight in Chri-
stendom.

A I R

A I R V. Set by Mr. Seedo.

Sir John. Ye Gods! you gave to me a Wife,
 Out of your Grace and Favour;
 To be the Comfort of my Life,
 And I was glad to have her:
 But if your Providence Divine
 For greater Bliss design her;
 To obey your Wills, at any Time
 I am ready to resign her.

This it is to be marry'd to a continual Tempest; Strife and Noise, Canting and Hypocrisy, are eternally a-float. — 'Tis impossible to bear it long.

Lady. Ye filthy Scoundrels, and odious Jades, I'll teach you to junket thus, and steal my Provisions; I shall be devoured at this Rate.

But. I thought, Madam, we might be merry once upon a Holiday.

Lady. Holiday, you Popish Cur! Is one Day more holy than another? and if it be, you'll besure to get drunk upon it, you Rogue. [*Beats him.*] You Minx, you impudent Flirt, are you jigging it after an abominable Fiddle? all Dancing is whorish, Huffy. [*Lugs her by the Ears.*]

Lucy. O Lud! she has pull'd off both my Ears.

Sir John. Pray, Madam, consider your Sex and Quality; I blush for your Behaviour.

Lady. Consider your Incapacity; you shall not instruct me. Who are you, thus muffled, you Buzzard?

[*She beats them all, Jobson steals by.*]

Job. I am an honest, plain, Psalm-singing Cobler, Madam; if your Ladyship wou'd but go to Church, you might hear me above all the rest there.

Lady. I'll try thy Voice here first, Villain. [*Strikes him.*]

Job. Nounz! what a Pox, what a Devil ails you?

Lady. O prophane Wretch! wicked Varlet!

Sir John. For shame! your Behaviour is monstrous!

Lady. Was ever poor Lady so miserable in a brutish Husband, as I am? I that am so pious and so religious a Woman!

Job. Sings. He that has the best Wife,
 She's the Plague of his Life,
 But for her that will scold and will quarrel.

[Exit.]

Lady.

The Wives Metamorphos'd.

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Lady. O Rogue, Scoundrel, Villain!

Sir John. Remember Modesty.

Lady. I'll rout ye all with a Vengeance, I'll spoil your squeaking Treble.

[*Beats the Fiddle about the blind Man's Head.*]

Fid. O Murder, Murder! I am a dark Man, which way shall I get hence? Oh Heaven! she has broke my Fiddle, and undone me and my Wife and Children.

Sir John. Here, poor Fellow, take your Staff and be gone, there's Money to buy you two such; that's your way.

Fid. Heaven preserve your Worship.---Bless you, sweet Master--here's a Change indeed---little did ever I think to find such Doings in this Hall-Place.

Lady. Methinks you are very liberal, Sir; must my Estate maintain you in your Profuseness?

Sir John. Go up to your Closet, pray, and compose your Mind.

Lady. O wicked Man! to bid me pray.

Sir John. A Man can't be compleatly curs'd, I see, without Marriage; but since there is such a thing as separate Maintenance, she shall to-morrow enjoy the Benefit of it.

A I R VI. Of all the Comforts I miscarry'd.

*Of the States in Life so various,
Marriage, sure, is most precarious;
'Tis a Maze so strangely winding,
Still we are new Mazes finding;
'Tis an Action so severe,
That nought but Death can set us clear;
Happy's the Man, from Wedlock free,
Who knows to prize his Liberty:*

*Were Men wary
How they marry,
We should not be by half so full of Misery.*

[*Knocking at the Door.*]

Here, where are my Servants? Must they be frightened from me?---Within there---see who knocks.

Lady. Within there.---Where are my Sluts? Ye Drabs, ye Queans---Lights there.

Enter Servants, sneaking, with Candles.

But. Sir, it is a Doctor that lives ten Miles off; he practices Physick, and is an Astrologer; your Worship knows him very well, he is a Cunning-Man, makes Almanacks, and can help People to their Goods again.

Enter

*The Devil to Pay; Or,**Enter Doctor.*

Doct. Sir, I humbly beg your Honour's Pardon for this unseasonable Intrusion; but I am benighted, and 'tis so dark that I can't possibly find my way home; and knowing your Worship's Hospitality, desire the Favour to be harboured under your Roof to-night.

Lady. Out of my House, you lewd Conjuror, you Magician.

Doct. Here's a Turn!----Here's a Change---Well, if I have any Art, you shall smart for this. [*Aside.*

Sir John. You see, Friend, I am not Master of my own House; therefore, to avoid any Uneasiness, go down the Lane about a Quarter of a Mile, and you'll see a Cobler's Cottage, stay there a little, and I'll send my Servant to conduct you to a Tenant's House, where you'll be well entertain'd.

Doct. I thank you, Sir, I am your most humble Servant.----But as for your Lady, she shall this Night feel my Resentment. [*Exit.*

Sir John. Come, Madam, you and I must have some Conference together.

Lady. Yes, I will have a Conference and a Reformation too in this House, or I'll turn it upside down---- I will.

A I R VII. Contented Country Farmer.

*Tell me no more of This, or That,
Of Flights and Whims, you know not what;
I will reform this servile Rout,
Or turn the House quite inside out:
Therefore be certain from this Day,
I will command, whilst you obey.*

Sir John. Grant me, ye Pow'rs! but this Request,
And let who will the World contest;
Convey her to some distant Shore,
Where I may ne'er behold her more;
Or let me to some Cottage fly,
In Freedom's Arms to live and die.

[*Exeunt.*S C E N E III. *The Cobler's.**Nell, and the Doctor.*

Nell. Pray, Sir, mend your Draught, if you please; you are very welcome, Sir.

Deo.

The Wives Metamorphos'd.

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Doct. Thank you heartily, good Woman, and to requite your Civility, I'll tell you your Fortune.

Nell. O, pray do, Sir; I never had my Fortune told me in my Life.

Doct. Let me behold the Lines of your Face.

Nell. I'm afraid, Sir, 'tis none of the cleanest; I have been about dirty Work all this Day.

Doct. Come, come, 'tis a good Face, be not asham'd of it, you shall shew it in greater Places suddenly.

Nell. O dear, Sir, I shall be mightily asham'd; I want Docity when come before great Folks.

Doct. You must be confident, and fear nothing; there is much Happiness attends you.

Nell. Oh me! this is a rare Man; Heaven be thanked.

Doct. To-morrow before Sun-rise you shall be the happiest Woman in this Country.

Nell. How, by to-morrow! alack-a-day, Sir, how can that be?

Doct. No more shall you be troubled with a surly Husband, that rails at, and straps you.

Nell. Lud, how came he to know that! he must be a Conjuror! Indeed my Husband is somewhat rugged, and in his Cups will beat me, but it is not much; he's an honest pains-taking Man, and I let him have his way. Pray, Sir, take t'other Cup of Ale.

Doct. I thank you---believe me, to-morrow you shall be the richest Woman i'th' Hundred, and ride in your own Coach.

Nell. O Father! you jeer me.

Doct. By my Art! I do not. But mark my Words, be confident, and bear all out, or worse will follow.

Nell. Never fear, Sir, I warrant you---O Gemini! a Coach!

A I R VIII. Send home my long-stray'd Eyes.

*My swelling Heart now leaps with Joy,
And Riches all my Thoughts employ;
No more shall People call me Nell,
Her Ladyship will do as well;
Deck'd in my golden, rich Array,
I'll in my Chariot roll away,
And shine at Ring, at Ball, and Play.*

Q

Enter

*The Devil to Pay; Or,**Enter Jobson.*

Job. Where is this Quean? Here, *Nell*! What a Pox are you drunk with your Lamb's-wool?

Nell. O Husband! here's the rarest Man---he has told me my Fortune.

Job. Has he so! and planted my Fortune too, a lusty Pair of Horns upon my Head---Eh!---Is't not so?

Doct. Thy Wife is a virtuous Woman, and thou'lt be happy-----

Job. Come out, you hang Dog, you Juggler, you cheating bamboozling Villain, must I be cuckolded by such Rogues as you are, Mackmaticians, and Almanack-makers.

Nell. 'Pr'ythee Peace, Husband, we shall be rich, and have a Coach of our own.

Job. A Coach! a Cart, a Wheel-barrow, you Jade---by the Mackin, she's drunk, bloody drunk, most confoundedly drunk---Get you to Bed, you Strumpet. [*Beats her.*]

Nell. O Mercy on us! Is this a Taste of my good Fortune?

Doct. You had better not have touch'd her, you surly Rogue.

Job. Out of my House, you Villain, or I'll run my Awl up to the Handle in your Buttocks.

Doct. Farewel, you paltry Slave.

Job. Get out, you Rogue.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to an open Country.*

Doctor solus.

A I R IX. The Spirit's Song in *Macbeth.*

*My little Spirits now appear,
Nadir and Abishog draw near;
The time is short, make no Delay,
Then quickly haste and come away:
Nor Moon, nor Stars, afford their Light,
But all is wrapt in gloomy Night:
Both Men and Beasts to rest incline,
And all things favour my Design.*

[*Within.*]

Doctor. My strict Commands be sure attend,
For e'er this Night shall have an end,
You must this Cobler's Wife transform,
And to the Knight's the like perform;

With

The Wives Metamorphos'd,

II

*With all your most specifick Charms,
Convey each Wife to diff'rent Arms;
Let the Delusion be so strong,
That none may know the Right from Wrong.*

Within { *All this we will with Care perform,
In Thunder, Lightning and a Storm.*

[Thunder.
[Exeunt.]

S C E N E *changes to the Cobler's House. Jobson at work. The Bed in view.*

Job. What Devil has been abroad to-night? I never heard such Claps of Thunder in my Life. I thought my little Hovel would have flown away; but now all is clear again, and a fine Star-light Morning it is. I'll settle my self to Work. They say Winter's Thunder is Summer's Wonder.

A I R X. *Charming Sally.*

*Of the Trades from East to West,
The Cobler's past contending,
Is like in time to prove the best,
Which every Day is mending.
How great his Praise who can amend
The Soals of all his Neighbours,
Nor is unmindful of his End,
But to his Last still labours.*

Lady. Heyday! what impudent Ballad-singing Rogue is that who dares wake me out of my Sleep? I'll have you flea'd, you Rascal.

Job. What-a-Pox does she talk in her Sleep? or is she drunk still? [Sings.

In Bath a wanton Wife did dwell, &c.

Lady. Why Villain, Rascal, Screech-Owl, who makest a worse Noise than a Dog hung in the Pales, or a Hog in a high Wind. Where are all my Servants? Some-body come and ham-string this Rogue. [Knocks.

Job. Why, how now, you brazen Quean? You must get drunk with the Conjuror, must you? I'll give you Money another time to spend in Lamb's-wool, you saucy Jade, shall I?

C 2

Lady.

With

Lady. Monst'rous! I can find no Bell to ring. Where are my Servants? They shall toss him in a Blanket.

Job. Ay, the Jade's asleep still; the Conjuror told her she should keep her Coach, and she is dreaming of her Equipage.

[Sings.]

Lady. Why, Husband! Sir *John!* will you suffer me to be thus insulted?

Job. Husband! Sir *John!* what-a-pox, has she knighted me? and my Name's *Zekel* too; a good Jest, Faith.

Lady. Ha! he's gone, he is not in the Bed. Heaven! where am I? Foh! what loathsome Smells are here? Canvase Sheets, and a filthy ragged Curtain; a beastly Rug, and a Flock Bed. Am I awake, or is it all a Dream? What Rogue is that? Sirrah! Where am I? Who brought me hither? What Rascal are you?

Job. This is amazing, I never heard such Words from her before. If I take my Strap to you, I'll make you know your Husband. I'll teach you better Manners, you saucy Drab.

Lady. Oh astonishing Impudence! You my Husband, Sirrah? I'll have you hang'd you Rogue; I'm a Lady. Let me know who has given me a sleeping Draught, and convey'd me hither, you dirty Varlet?

Job. A sleeping Draught! Yes, you drunken Jade, you had a sleeping Draught with a Pox to you. What, has not your Lambs-wool done working yet?

Lady. Where am I? Where has my villanous Husband put me? *Lucy! Lettice!* Where are my Queans?

Job. Ha, ha, ha! What does she call her Maids too? The Conjuror has made her mad as well as drunk.

Lady. He talks of Conjurors; sure I am bewitch'd. Ha! what Cloaths are here? a *Lindsey-woolsey* Gown, a *Calicoe* Hood, a red *Bays* Petticoat, I am remov'd from my own House by Witchcraft. What must I do? What will become of me?

[Horns wind within]

Job. Hark! the Hunters and the merry Horns are abroad. Why *Nell*, you lazy Jade, 'tis break of Day; to Work, to Work, come, and spin, you Drab, or I'll take your Hide for you: What a Pox, must I be at work two Hours before you in a Morning?

Lady. Why, Sirrah, thou impudent Villain, dost thou not know me, Rogue?

Job. Know you, yes, I know you well enough, and I'll make you know me before I have done with you.

Lady. I am Sir *John Loverule's* Lady; how came I here?

Job. Sir John Loverule's Lady! no Nell, not quite so bad neither; that damn'd, stingy, fanatick Whore plagues every one that comes near her, the whole Country curses her.

Lady. Nay, then I'll hold no longer; you Rogue, you insolent Villain, I'll teach you better Manners.

[Flings Bedstaff and other things at him,

Job. This is more than I ever saw by her, I never had an ill Word from her before. Come, Strap, I'll try your Metal; I'll sober you, I warrant you, Queen.

[He straps her, she flies at him.

Lady. I'll pull your Throat out; I'll tear out your Eyes, I'm a Lady, Sirrah. Oh, Murder! Murder! Sir John Loverule will hang you for this; Murder! Murder!

Job. Come Hussy, leave fooling, and come to your spinning, or else I'll lamb you, you ne'er was so lamb'd since you were an Inch long. Take it up, you Jade.

[She flings it down, he straps her.

Lady. Hold, hold, I'll do any thing.

Job. Oh! I thought I should bring you to your self again.

Lady. What shall I do? I can't spin.

Aside.

Job. I'll into my Stall; 'tis broad Day, now.

[Works and sings.

A I R XI. Come let us prepare.

Let Matters of State

Disquiet the Great,

The Cobler has nought to perplex him;

Has nought but his Wife

To ruffle his Life,

And her he can strap if she vex him.

He out of the Pow'r.

Of Fortune, that Whore,

Since low as can be, she has thrust him;

From Duns he's secure,

For being so poor,

There's none to be found that will trust him.

Heyday, I think the Jade's Brain is turn'd. What! have you forgot to spin, Hussy?

Lady. But I have not forgot to run. I'll e'en try my Feet; I shall find somebody in the Town, sure, that will succour me.

[She runs out

Job. What, does she run for it? I'll after her.

[He runs out

S C E N E

S C E N E *changes to Sir John's House; Nell in Bed.*

Nell. What pleasant Dreams I have had to-night? Methought I was in Paradise, upon a Bed of Violets and Roses, and the sweetest Husband by my Side. Ha! blefs me, where am I now? What Sweets are these? no Garden in the Spring can equal them, nor new blown Roses with the Morning Dew upon them. Am I on a Bed? The Sheets are Sarfenet sure, no Linnen ever was so fine. What a gay, filken Robe have I got? Oh Heaven! I dream! yet if this be a Dream, I would not wish to wake again. Sure, I died last Night, and went to Heaven, and this is it.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Now must I wake an Alarm that will not lie still again till Midnight, at soonest; the first Greeting, I suppose, will be Jade, or Whore. Madam! Madam!

Nell. O Gemini! who's this? What do'st say, Sweetheart?

Lucy. Sweetheart! Oh Lud, Sweetheart! the best Names I have had these three Months from her, have been Slut or Whore.----What Gown and Ruffles will your Ladyship wear to-day?

Nell. What does she mean? Ladyship! Gown! and Ruffles. Sure I am awake; Oh! I remember the cunning Man now.

Lucy. Did your Ladyship speak?

Nell. Ay, Child, I'll wear the same I did yesterday.

Lucy. Mercy upon me! Child! Here's a Miracle!

Enter Lettice.

Let. Is my Lady awake? Have you had her Shoe or her Slipper flung at your Head yet?

Lucy. Oh, no, I'm overjoy'd; she's in the kindest Humour! go to the Bed and speak to her, now is your time.

Let. Now's my Time! what, to have another Tooth beat out? Madam!

Nell. What do'st say, my Dear?----O the Father! what wou'd she have?

Let. What Work will your Ladyship be pleas'd to have done to-day? Shall I work Plain-work, or go to my Ritching?

Nell.

The Wives Metamorphos'd.

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Nell. Work, Child! 'tis Holiday; no Work to-day.

Let. Oh Mercy! am I or she awake? or do we both dream? Here's a blest Change!

Lucy. If it continues, we shall be a happy Family.

Let. Your Ladyship's Chocolate is ready.

Nell. Mercy on me! what's that? Some Garment, I suppose [*Aside.*] Put it on then, Sweetheart.

Let. Put it on, Madam! I have taken it off, 'tis ready to drink.

Nell. I mean, put it by, I don't care for drinking now.

Enter Cook.

Cook. Now go I, like a Bear to the Stake, to know her scurvy Ladyship's Commands about Dinner. How many rascally Names must I be call'd?

Let. Oh, *John Cook*, you'll be out of your Wits to find my Lady in so sweet a Temper.

Cook. What a Devil, are they all mad?

Lucy. Madam, here's the Cook come about Dinner.

Nell. Oh! there's a fine Cook! He looks like one of your Gentlefolks [*Aside.*] Indeed, honest Man, I'm very hungry now, pray get me a Rasher upon the Coals, a Piece of new milk Cheese, and some white Bread.

Cook. Hey! what's to do here? my Head turns round; honest Man! I look'd for Rogue or Rascal, at least. She is strangely chang'd in her Diet, as well as her Humour [*Aside.* I'm afraid, Madam, Cheese and Bacon will sit very heavy on your Ladyship's Stomach, in a Morning. If you please, Madam, I'll toss you up a white Fricassee of Chickens in a trice, Madam; or what does your Ladyship think of a Veal Sweetbread?

Nell. E'en what you will, good Cook.

Enter Butler.

Cook. Good Cook! good Cook! Ah! 'tis a sweet Lady. Oh! kiss me *Chip*, I am out of my Wits; we have the kindest sweetest Lady.

But. You shamming Rogue, I think you are out of your Wits, all of ye; the Maids look merrily too.

Lucy. Here's the Butler, Madam, to know your Ladyship's Orders.

Nell. Oh! pray *Mr. Butler*, let me have some small Beer when my Breakfast comes in.

But. *Mr. Butler!* *Mr. Butler!* I shall be turn'd into Stone wit'

with Amazement [*Aside.*] Would not your Ladyship rather have a Glass of *Frontiniac*, or *Lacryme*?

Nell. Oh dear! what hard Names are there; but I must not betray my self [*Aside.*] Well, which you please, Mr. Butler.

Enter Coachman.

But. Go, get you in, and be rejoiced as I am.

Coach. The Cook has been making his Game I know not how long. What, do you banter too?

Lucy. Madam, the Coachman.

Coach. I come to know if your Ladyship goes out to-day, and which you'll have, the Coach or Chariot.

Nell. Good lack-a-day! I'll ride in the Coach, If you please.

Coach. The Sky will fall, that's certain. [*Exit.*]

Nell. I can hardly think I am awake yet. How well pleased they all seem to wait upon me! O notable Cunning-man! My Head turns round; I am quite giddy with my own Happiness.

A I R XII. What tho' I am a Country Lass.

*Tho' late I was a Cobler's Wife,
In Cottage most obscure-a,
In plain Stuff Gown, and short-ear'd Coif
Hard Labour did endure-a:
The Scene is chang'd, I'm alter'd quite,
And from poor humble Nell-a,
I'll learn to dance, to read, and write,
And from all bear the Bell-a.*

Enter Sir John, and Gentlemen.

Sir John. How do you like our Sport, Gentlemen? I think we have had a smart Turn or two. Well, Hunting is to me the most agreeable Diversion, as well as wholesomest Exercise the Country affords.

A I R XIII. Whilst the Town agrees with Polly.

*Hounds and Horns o'er Plains resounding,
Echoes from the Hills rebounding,
Fill the Sportsman's Heart with Joy;
Let, while to the Chace inviting,
Health and Pleasure are uniting,
Fops o'er Tea their Time destroy.*

But. Oh, Sir! here's the rarest News!

Lady.

The Wives Metamorphos'd.

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Lucy. There never was the like, Sir; you'll be overjoy'd and amaz'd.

Sir John. What, are you mad? What's the matter with ye?

Enter Coachman, and other Servants.

How now! here's a new Face in my Family what's the Meaning of all this?

But. Oh, Sir! the Family is turn'd upside down. We are almost distracted; the happiest People!

Lucy. Ay, my Lady, Sir, my Lady.

Sir John. What, is she dead?

But. Dead! Heaven forbid; O! she's the best of Women, the sweetest Lady!

Sir John. This is astonishing! I must go and enquire into this Wonder. If this be true, I shall rejoice indeed.

But. 'Tis true, Sir, upon my Honour. Long live Sir Richard and my Lady! Huzzah! *[Exit Sir Richard.*

Enter Nell and Lucy.

Nell. I well remember the Cunning-Man warn'd me to bear all out with Confidence, or worse, he said, wou'd follow. I am asham'd, and know not what to do with all this Ceremony: I am amaz'd, and out of my Senses. I look'd in the Glass, and saw a gay fine thing I knew not; methought my Face was not at all like that I have seen at home in a piece of Looking-Glass fasten'd upon the Cupboard. But great Ladies, they say, have flattering Glasses, that shew them far unlike themselves, whilst poor Folks Glasses represent them e'en just as they are.

A I R XIV. When I was a Dame of Honour,

*Fine Ladies with an artful Grace,
Disguise each native Feature;
Whilst flatt'ring Glasses shew the Face,
As made by Art, not Nature:
But we poor Folks in home-spun Grey,
By Patch nor Washes tainted,
Look fresh and sweeter far than they,
That still are finely painted.*

Lucy. O Madam! here's my Master just return'd from Hunting.

D

Enter

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The Wives Metamorphos'd.

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That still are finely painted.*

Lucy. O Madam! here's my Master just return'd from hunting.

D

Enter

Enter Sir John.

Nell. O Gemini ! this good Gentleman my Husband !

Sir John. My Dear, I am overjoy'd to see my Family thus transported with Ecstasy which you occasion'd.

Nell. Sir, I shall always be proud to do every thing that may give you Delight, and your Family Satisfaction.

Sir John. By Heaven ! I am charm'd ; dear Creature, if thou continuest thus, I had rather enjoy thee than the *Indies*. But can this be real ? May I believe my Senses ?

Nell. All that's good above can Witness for me, I am in earnest. [Kneels.

Sir John. Rise, my Dearest. Now am I happy indeed.---- Where are my Friends, my Servants ? call 'em all, and let them be Witnesses of my Happiness. [Exit.

Nell. O Lud ! how shall I behave myself. ---- Heaven preserve my Wits.

A I R XV. 'Twas within a Furlong, &c.

Nell. O charming Cunning-Man ! thou has been wond'rous kind,
And all thy golden Words do now prove true I find ;

Ten thousand Transports wait,

To crown my happy State,

Thus kiss'd, and press'd,

And doubly blest

In all this Pomp and State :

New Scenes of Joy arise,

Which fill me with surprize ;

My Rock, and Reel,

And Spinning-Wheel,

And Husband I despise ;

Then Jobson, now adieu,

Thy Cobling still pursue,

For hence I will not, cannot, no, nor must not buckle to.

[Exit.

S C E N E Jobson's House.

Enter Lady.

Was ever Lady yet so miserable ? I can't make one Soul in the Village acknowledge me ; they sure are all of the Conspiracy. This wicked Husband of mine has laid a devilish Plot against me ; I must at present submit, that I
may

The Wives Metamorphos'd.

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may hereafter have an Opportunity of executing my Design. Here comes the Rogue; I'll have him strangled; but now I must yield.

Enter Jobson.

Job. Come on, *Nell*, art thou come to thy self yet?

Lady. Yes, I thank you, I wonder what I ail'd; this Cunning-Man has put Powder in my Drink, most certainly.

Job. Powder? the Brewer put good store of Powder of Malt in it, that's all. Powder, quoth she! Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. I never was so all the Days of my Life.

Job. Was so, no, nor I hope ne'er will be so again, to put me to the trouble of strapping you so devilishly.

Lady. I'll have that right Hand cut off for that, Rogue. [*Aside.*] You was unmerciful to bruise me so.

Job. Well, I'm going to Sir *John Loverule's*; all his Tenants are invited; there's to be rare Feasting and Revelling, and Open House kept for three Months.

Lady. Husband, shan't I go with you?

Job. What the Devil ails thee now? Did I not tell thee but Yesterday, I wou'd strap thee for desiring to go, and art thou at it again, with a Pox?

Lady. What does the Villain mean by Strapping, and Yesterday?

Job. Why, I have been marry'd but six Weeks, and you long to make me a Cuckold already. Stay at home and be hang'd, there's good cold Pie in the Cupboard, but I'll trust thee no more with strong Beer, Huffy. [*Exit.*]

Lady. Well, I'll not be long after you; sure I shall get some of my own Family to know me, they can't be all in this wicked Plot. [*Exit.*]

A I R XVI. The Budgeon it is a fine Trade.

*Tho' ravish'd from my Husband's Arms,
To dwell in Stench and Pain;
I'll break thro' all their Magick Charms,
And Liberty regain.*

*Then sweet Revenge shall calm my Woes,
And every Grief assuage;
Whilst all who did my Bliss oppose,
Shall feel my pow'rful Rage.*

*The Devil to Pay ; Or,*S C E N E *Sir John's.**Sir John and Company enter.*A I R XVII. *Bacchus* one Day gayly striding,

*Thus we'll drown all Melancholy,
 In a Glass of gen'rous Wine ;
 Let dull Fools indulge their Folly,
 And at Cares of Life repine :
 But the brave and noble Spirit
 Scorns such mean, ignoble Views ;
 Whilst the World proclaims his Merit,
 He sublimer Joys pursues.*

Enter Lady.

Lady. Here's a fine Rout and Rioting! You Sirrah,
Butler, you Rogue.

But. Why how now? Who are you?

Lady. Impudent Varlet! don't you know your Lady?

But. Lady! here, turn this mad Woman out of Doors.

Lady. You Rascal, take that, Sirrah. [*Flings a Glass at him.*]

Foot. Have a Care, Huffy, there's a good Pump without,
 we will cool your Courage for you.

Lady. You, *Lucy*, have you forgot me too, you Minx?

Lucy. Forgot you, Woman! why, I never remember'd
 you, I never saw you before in my Life.

Lady. Oh the wicked Slut! I'll give you Cause to re-
 member me, I will, Huffy. [*Pulls her Headcloths off.*]

Lucy. Murder! Murder! help!

Sir John. How now! what Uproar's this?

Lady. You, *Lettrice*, you Slut, won't you know me nei-
 ther? [*Strikes her.*]

Lettrice. Help, help!----

Sir John. What's to do there?

But. Why, Sir, here's a Madwoman calls herself my
 Lady, and is beating and cuffing us all round.

Sir John. [*To Lady*] Thou my Wife! poor Creature, I
 pity thee; I never saw thee before.

Lady. Then it is in vain to expect Redress from thee,
 thou wicked Contriver of all my Misery.

Nell. How am I amaz'd! Can that be I, there in my
 Cloaths, that have made all this Disturbance? And yet I
 am here, to my thinking, in these fine Cloaths. How can
 this be? I am so confounded and affrighted that I begin
 to wish I was with *Zekel Jobson* again.

Lady.

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Lady. To whom shall I apply myself, or whither can I fly? Heaven! What do I see? Is not that I, yonder, in my Gown and Petticoat I wore Yesterday? How can it be! I cannot be in two Places at once.

Sir John. Poor Wretch! she's stark mad.

Lady. What, in the Devil's Name, was I here before I came? Let me look in the Glass. Oh Heav'ns! I'm astonish'd, I don't know my self! If this be I that the Glass shews me, I never saw my self before.

Sir John. What incoherent Madness is this?

Enter Jobson.

Lady. There, that's the Devil in my Likeness, who has robb'd me of my Countenance. Is he here too?

Job. Ay, Hussy, and here's my Strap, you Quean.

Nell. O dear! I'm afraid my Husband will beat me, that am on t'other side the Room there.

Job. I hope your Honours will pardon her, she was drinking with a Conjuror last Night, and has been mad ever since, and calls her self my Lady *Loverule*.

Sir John. Poor Woman! take care of her; do not hurt her, she may be cur'd of this.

Job. Yes, and please your Worship, you shall see me cure her presently. Hussy, do you see this?

Nell. O! pray *Zekel*, don't beat me.

Sir John. What says my Love? Does she infect thee with Madness too?

Nell. I am not well, pray lead me in.

[Exeunt Nell and Maid.]

Job. I beseech your Worship don't take it ill of me, she shall never trouble you more.

Sir John. Take her home, and use her kindly.

Lady. What will become of me? *[Exeunt Jobson and Lady.]*

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir, the Doctor who call'd here last Night, desires you will give him leave to speak a Word or two with you, upon very earnest Business.

Sir John. What can this mean? Bring him in.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Lo! on my Knees, Sir, I beg Forgiveness for what have done, and put my Life into your Hands.

Sir John. What mean you?

Doct.

Doct. I have exercis'd my Magick Art upon your Lady; I know you have too much Honour to take away my Life, since I might have still conceal'd it, had I pleas'd.

Sir John. You have now brought me to a Glimpse of Mi-fery too great to bear. Is all my Happiness then turn'd into Vision only?

Doct. I beg you, fear not; if any Harm comes on it, I freely give you leave to hang me.

Sir John. Inform me what you have done.

Doct. I have transform'd your Lady's Face so that she seems the Cobler's Wife, and have charm'd her Face into the Likeness of my Lady's; and last Night when the Storm arose, my Spirits convey'd them to each other's Bed.

Sir John. Oh Wretch! thou hast undone me, I am fallen from the Height of all my Hopes, and must still be curs'd with a tempestuous Wife, a Fury, whom I never knew Quiet since I had her.

Doct. If that be all, I can continue the Charm for both their Lives.

Sir John. Let the Event be what it will, I'll hang you if you do not end the Charm this Instant.

Doct. I will this Minute, Sir; and perhaps you'll find it the luckiest of your Life; I can assure you, your Lady will prove the better for it.

Sir John. Hold, there's one material Circumstance I'd know.

Doct. Your Pleasure, Sir?

Sir John. Perhaps the Cobler has---you understand me?

Doct. I do assure you, No; for ere she was convey'd to his Bed, the Cobler was got up to work, and he has done nought but beat her ever since, and you are like to reap the Fruits of his Labour. He'll be with you in a Minute, here he comes.

Enter Jobson.

Sir John. So Jobson, where's your Wife?

Job. And please your Worship, she's here at the Door but indeed I thought I had lost her just now; for as she came into the Hall, she fell into such a Swoon, that I thought she would never come out on't again; but a Tweak or two by the Nose, and half a Dozen Straps did the Business at last. Here, where are you, Housewife?

Enter Lady.

[Butler holds up the Candle, but lets it fall when he sees her]

But. O Heaven and Earth! is this my Lady?

Job. What does he say? my Wife chang'd to my Lady?

Cook. Ay, I thought the other was too good for our Lady.

Lady. [*To Sir John.*] Sir, you are the Person I have most offended, and here confess I have been the worst of Wives in every thing, but that I always kept my self chaste. If you can vouchsafe once more to take me to your Bosom, the Remainder of my Days shall joyfully be spent in Duty, and Observance of your Will.

Sir John. Rise, Madam, I do forgive you; and if you are sincere in what you say, you'll make me happier than all the Enjoyments in the World without you could do.

Job. What a Pox! am I to lose my Wife thus?

Enter Lucy and Lettice.

Lucy. Oh, Sir! the strangest Accident has happen'd, it has amaz'd us; my Lady was in so great a Swoon, we thought she had been dead.

Let. And when she came to herself, she prov'd another Woman.

Job. Ha, ha, ha! a Bull, a Bull.

Lucy. She is so chang'd, I knew her not; I never saw her Face before: O Lud! is this my Lady?

Let. We shall be maul'd again.

Lucy. I thought our Happiness was too great to last.

Lady. Fear not, my Servants. It shall hereafter be my Endeavour to make ye happy.

Sir John. Persevere in this Resolution, and we shall be blest indeed; the other was a false and short-liv'd Joy, but this I hope will continue for Life.

Lady. May Heaven blast me, if once I alter from my purpose, or ever contradict your Will again.

Sir John. Then am I blest, this is a Day of Wonders indeed.

Enter Nell.

Nell. My Head turns round, I must go home. O Zekel! are you there?

Job. O Lud! is that fine Lady, my Wife? I gad I'm afraid to come near her. What can be the meaning of this?

Sir John. This is a happy Change, and I'll have it celebrated with all the Joy I proclaim'd for my late short-liv'd Vision.

Lady. To me 'tis the happiest Day I ever knew.

Sir John. Here, *Jobson*, take thy fine Wife.

Job.

Job. But one Word, Sir---Did not your Worship make me a Cuckold, under the Rose?

Sir John. No, upon my Honour, nor ever kist her Lips till I came from Hunting; but since she has been a Means of bringing about this happy Change, I'll give thee Five Hundred Pounds home with her; go buy a Stock of Leather.

Job. Brave Boys! I'm a Prince, the Prince of Coblers. Come hither and kifs me, *Nell*, I'll never strap thee more.

Nell. Indeed, *Zekel*, I have been in such a Dream, that I'm quite weary of it.

Nell. Forsooth, Madam, will you please to take your Cloaths, and let me have mine again.

Job. Hold your Tongue, you Fool, they'll serve you to go to Church. [*Aside.*

Lady. No, thou shalt keep them, and I'll preserve thine as Reliques.

Job. And can your good Ladyship forgive my Strapping your Honour so very much?

Lady. Most freely. The Joy of this blessed Change sets all things right again.

Sir John. Let us forget every thing that is past, and think of nothing now but Joy and Pleasure.

A I R XVIII. Hey Boys up go we.

Lady. Let ev'ry Face with Smiles appear,
Be Joy in ev'ry Breast,
Since from a Life of Pain and Care,
We now are truly blest.



Sir John. May no Remembrance of past Time,
Our present Pleasures soil,
Be nought but Mirth and Joy a Crime,
And Sporting all our Toil.

Job. I hope you'll give me leave to speak,
If I may be so bold;
There's nought but the Devil, and this good Strap,
Could ever tame a Scold.

F I N I S.

